SPIRITUAL PILGRIM;

OR,

THE TRAVELS OF THE SOUL

FROM

NATURE TO GRACE,

AND

FROM GRACE TO GLORY,

IN THE SIMILITUDE OF A DREAM.

IN THREE PARTS.

By MATTHIAS MOORE.

Eph. v. 14.—Awake, thou that ſleepeſt, and ariſe from the dead, and Chriſt ſhall give thee light.

John iii. 7.—Marvel not that I ſaid unto thee, Ye muſt be born again.

I muſt for faith inceſſant cry,
And wreſtle, Lord, with thee!
I muſt be born again, or die
To all eternity.

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A SPIRITUAL PILGRIMAGE;

OR,

Travels of the Soul from Nature to Grace; and from Grace to Glory, in the ſimilitude of a Dream.

PART I.

WHEN ev'ning clouds o'er lofty ſkies were ſpread,
And lovely Phœbus was quite vaniſhed,
Laſhing his ſteeds, drove on through gloomy roads,
For to illuminate our antipodes:
The feather'd choriſters their concert ceas'd,
And each retir'd into his ſilent reſt,
While Zephyr with his gentle breezes blows,
To lull all nature to her ſoft repoſe.
As I upon my pillow muſing lay,
Fatigu'd with toilſome labours of the day,
Sweet ſlumbers to compoſe my eye-lids came,
And ſleeping, ſtraitway fell into a dream.
My ſpirit ſoar'd unto the Continent;
I thought for Rome my journey full was bent;
Then over diſmal deſarts I did glide,—
At length an aged Pilgrim I eſpy'd.
Swiftly he mov'd along the ſcorching plain,
As if impatient ſoon his port to gain;
That I could ſcarcely importune his ſtay
For company, along this loneſome way.
Well overtaken, Sir, ſaid I at laſt—
What urgent motive drives you on ſo faſt?
Are you for Rome, to make a pilgrimage,
That we in company may both engage?

He anſwer'd, with an aſpect moſt ſerene,
And ſaid, good friend, there I before have been;
Before the Lord from dreams did me awake,
This glorious pilgrimage to undertake.

DREAMER.

Will you perſuade me, Sir, that I'm aſleep,
Who now am walking with you on my feet?
Without offence, your ſentiments explain,
'Twill us upon this deſart entertain.

PILGRIM.

Well then, my friend, ſince it is your requeſt,
With all the light and knowledge I'm poſſeſs'd,
I will ſet forth to you that drowſy ſtate
Of fallen man, by our firſt parents fate.
At firſt when God created man upright,
With ev'ry faculty tranſparent bright,
No imperfection through his heav'nly nature—
(Man was the glorious image of his Maker!)
With faculties divine him did inveſt,
His ſoul in peace, and love, and joy did reſt;
Nor in that bleſſed ſtate of innocency,
Was he obnoxious to mortality.
Blind to the world, yet oe'r the world ſupreme,
He could command his ſubjects all by name;
But through the whole creation was not one,
In concert with him to enjoy his throne,
Till God, his happineſs for to compleat,
Of his own ſpecies made him an help-mate,
Out of a rib then taken from his ſide,
And *Woman* called he his female bride.
In Paradiſe, the garden of the Lord,
That did variety of fruit afford,
They placed were, and granted full permiſſion
To eat of ev'ry tree at their diſcretion: But

But only one, the Lord did give command,
That in nowiſe they ſhould put forth their hand,
To pull, or taſte, or elſe aſſuredly
The day they ate thereof they both ſhould die.
Now Lucifer, who once an angel bright,
For pride was doom'd unto eternal night,
Aſſum'd the ſerpent's ſhape immediately,
Swell'd with revenge he lurk'd about the tree.
At their approach, he in a ſubtle ſtrain,
(As if againſt the Lord he would complain,)
Doth God, ſaid he, thy knowledge prohibit,
That of thoſe fruits you may not freely eat?
No, ſaid the woman, we have full permiſſion
To eat of ev'ry tree, at our diſcretion:
But only this, the Lord doth us deny,
To eat thereof, or we ſhall ſurely die,
No, he reply'd, you ſhall not ſurely die,
But God doth know, that you immediately
Will be as Gods, diſcerning good and ill,
Which is the cauſe that he would curb your will,
Now when the woman heard the fruit was good,
To make them wiſe—alſo delicious food,
She pull'd thereof, and did not heſitate,
But reach'd her huſband too, and they did eat.
No ſooner did they of this banquet taſte,
But that bright glorious image was defac'd:
And juſtice would have thruſt them down to hell,
But mercy catch'd the rebels as they fell.
See, what a change was in a moment wrought!
The Lord before was firſt in ev'ry thought,
But now to ſhun his preſence ſpeedily,
With ſhame, and horror, fled behind a tree!
As if the feeble trees, which God had made,
From his all-ſeeing eye their guilt could ſhade!
Behold them in a ſpiritual ſlumber now,
Till God awakes them—"Adam, Where art thou?"
Alas! where is that love thy ſoul did bear Unto

Unto the Lord? 'tis turn'd to ſlaviſh fear.
Our nakedneſs, his trembling lips reply'd,
At thy approach through fear caus'd us to hide.
Who told thee this? or haſt thou diſobey'd
My ſtrict command? the great Jehovah ſaid.
Adam. The woman that thou gav'ſt to be with me,
Caus'd me to eat of the forbidden tree.
Then turning to the woman, thus began,—
"Woman," ſaid he, "What's this that thou haſt done?"
Woman. The ſerpent ſuch a tale did intimate,
Did me beguile, and I began to eat.
O dreadful! ſure, now juſtice muſt take place,
And drive thoſe rebels from his glorious face!
The bread of labour muſt their life ſuſtain,
Till they return to duſt, from whence they came.
Woman, I'll multiply thy ſorrows great,
In bearing offspring in this mortal ſtate:
And to thy huſband thy deſire ſhall be—
He ſhall in tenderneſs rule over thee.
As for the ſerpent, God pronounc'd him ours'd,
That he ſhould crawl, and feed upon the duſt:
And 'twixt their ſeed unto futurity,
The Lord did fix perpetual enmity:
The woman's ſeed ſhould bruiſe the ſerpent's head,
And rectify the breach which he had made;
And in the bloody combat ſtill prevail,
Only ſuſtain a halt, or bruiſed heel.
And now, my friend, we're all of Adam's race,
And all with him have loſt that glorious place,
And muſt in drowſy baniſhment remain,
Till of a ſecond Adam born again.

DREAMER.

Your pardon, Sir, permit me now to ſpeak,—
To what you ſay I no objection make;
But of the ſecond birth that you pretend,
How that can be, I cannot comprehend. Can

Can I, who now am grown a lusty man,
Again become an infant of a span?
Enter again into my mother's womb;
To interrupt you now I do presume.

PILGRIM.

Alas! my friend, that does not me surprise,
That you in nature's state cannot surmise,
For while your soul lies dead in nature's grave,
Those spiritual truths you never can conceive.
But if you'll quit your notions now of Rome,
And on with me to mount Sinai come,
There you shall hear the great Jehovah speak,
Perhaps it may your drowsy soul awake.
And next, we'll take a tour to Sion's hill,
Where balmy blessings do from Heav'n distill:
The Sun of Righteousness, with lustre great,
Will your benighted soul illuminate.

DREAMER.

Are there not blessings to be had in Rome,
Whene'er the Pope prays o'er St Peter's tomb?
When Cardinals attend his Holiness,
In grand procession, with their scarlet dress?
When he in *state* is riding through the streets,
His benediction gives to all he meets?
When altars deck'd with saint upon feast days,
While music wind, and instrumental plays?
While relics that are held in veneration,
Are there exposed, and view'd with admiration?
What need we make so much ado for Heav'n,
When we in Rome can have our sins forgiv'n?

PILGRIM.

Alas! my friend, they are but mortal men,
And must, like you and I, be born again,

Or all their pray'rs over St. Peter's tomb,
Will not avail, or mitigate their doom.
No pope, nor cardinal, nor prieſt, nor friar,
Nor ſaint, nor relic, nor purgatory's fire,
Could ever purge, or for one ſin atone,—
Nothing on earth, but Jeſus' blood alone.
He is that ſeed that bruis'd the ſerpent's head,
And the vaſt plan of our ſalvation ſpread:
'Tis for his ſake alone, when we rebel,
That we are ſav'd from tumbling into hell.
His balmy blood draws forth the ſerpent's ſting,
Lodg'd in the ſoul by our firſt parents ſin;
Waſhes and cleanſes our corrupted nature,
And bears us forth a new-born heav'nly creature.

DREAMER.

You ſeem to trample on the holy ſee,
And equalize the pope to you and me:
If I your ſentiments could entertain,
Then I ſhould count my journey all a dream.

PILGRIM.

In nature's glaſs our pictures are the ſame,
We differ only in the golden frame;
But when diſſolv'd, and moulder'd into duſt,
None can diſtinguiſh who are beſt or worſt.
But now, my friend, I find our long diſcourſe,
Has led you off from your deſigned courſe:
Lo! yonder doth Sinai's top appear,
I ſee the ſmoke, and mighty thunders hear.
Let us approach unto its awful bounds,
There read the law, and hear what it expounds.
And when you underſtand the ſinners doom,
You'll bid adieu for ever[illegible] to Rome.

DREAMER.

DREAMER.

I find a willingneſs for to comply,
But tremble leſt that I approach too nigh
To that tremendous mount, whoſe ſmoke aſcends,
And thunder makes the lofty mountains bend.

PILGRIM.

That willingneſs, my friend, is not your own,
It is a gift from God on you beſtown;—
Follow the dictates of your heav'nly gueſt,
'Twill ſwiftly lead you to eternal reſt.

PART II.

So in my dream, I thought we did purſue
Our journey on, till there appear'd in view
Two folding tables, made of marble ſtone,
With great Jehovah's law engrav'd thereon.
A voice I heard ſay, dreamer, now behold,
My ten commands, in characters of gold!
Rehearſe them o'er; the firſt command, you ſee,
Is, thou ſhalt have no other gods but Me:
No image to thyſelf ſhalt thou engrave,
Of any thing in Heav'n, or earth beneath;
Or under th' earth, within the rapid ſea;
Thou ſhalt not to it bow, nor homage pay:
For I the Lord thy God, in jealouſy
Viſit thy fathers, fathers ſins on thee—
(On thoſe that hate, and do ſpurn at my law)—
And unto thouſands I will mercy ſhew,
Of thoſe who love, and in my ſtatues go.
Thou ſhalt not take my ſacred name in vain,
With thy unhallow'd lips, and tongue profane;
Before the Lord, thou ſhalt not guiltleſs be
That tak'ſt my holy name in vanity.
Remember, that upon the ſabbath day,
Thou do no ſervile work, nor idle play,
But holy keep; for ſix days I allow
To occupy, whate'er thou haſt to do:
Thou and thy ſon, whate'er to thee relates;
Cattle, or ſtranger that's within thy gates.
For in ſix days the Lord made heav'n and earth,
The ſea, and all that in them e'er had birth;
And reſting on the ſeventh day, thought meet
In wiſdom ſo to do—he hallow'd it.
The ſeventh he doth ſolemnly require,
Be conſecrated to himſelf entire.

Honour

Honour thy father, and thy mother too,
And ſo my gracious promiſe ſhall enſue;
That in the land thy days ſhall lengthen'd be,
Which now the Lord thy God doth give to thee.
Thou ſhalt do no murder wilfully;
Neither ſhalt thou commit adultery.
Thou ſhalt not ſteal, nor do thy neighbour wrong,
Nor vilify him with a ſland'rous tongue.
Thou ſhalt not covet either houſe or wife,
Thy neighbour's property, throughout thy life;
His ſervants, man or maid, or vainly wiſh,
For ox, or aſs, or any thing that's his.—
Theſe are my ſtatues—Now, have you them obey'd?
Or, from the the leaſt of my commandments ſtray'd?
Conſcience, come forth, and re-aſſume thy place;
Excuſe, or elſe accuſe him to his face!

CONSCIENCE.

My Lord, I daily do on him attend,
And always prov'd to him a faithful friend;
But he my gentle counſel did refuſe,
And for my love did ſorely me abuſe.
When thy kind Providence this youth did bleſs,
With a large fortune, in his great diſtreſs—
Thou did'ſt command that it in part ſhould be,
Beſtow'd in acts of love and charity.
When I thy juſt commandments did impart,
He rais'd a golden image in his heart;
To it bow'd down, as his ſupreme delight;
Did thy commandments and my counſel, ſlight.
When he'd break forth into his idle game,
How roughly did he uſe thy glorious name!
I ſtill reprov'd, but ſeldom could prevail,—
He'd ſtiffle me in his exceſs of ale.
When I invited him to be a gueſt
Within thy courts, at thy delicious feaſt,
My gentle invitations he refus'd—

With a reply—"I pray, have me excus'd!"
His wife, his oxen, and his piece of land,
He ſtill preferr'd before thy ſtrict command,
And thus he did thy ſabbaths ſtill profane,
With matrimonial toys, or worldly gain.
Inſtead of honour that's to parents due,
This prodigal to a far country flew;
Where he with lewdneſs his portion did conſume,
And ſought to feed upon the huſks of Rome.
His wickedneſs the Lord of life, did kill,
And with a ſpear his precious blood did ſpill,
Each darling ſin was a repeated ſtroke,
That nail'd his ſacred body to the oak,
His heart, which thou demandedſt for thine own,
To be a cabinet for grace alone,
He ſtole away, in concert with thy foe,
And on his worldly pleaſures did beſtow.
When thy dear children met to praiſe thy name,
And ſung the trophies of the bleeding Lamb,
How did he perſecute them and inſiſt
That they're impoſtors or enthuſiaſts,
His neighbour's houſe, his wife, his ox, his aſs,
His ſervants, man and maid, and all he has,
Not only covets, but poſſeſſion takes,
(By law or violence) and no ſcruple makes.

TRUTH.

You hear your charge, what have you now to plead,
Before that I in juſtice do proceed
To paſs the ſentence, that's to ſinners due,
And thruſt you down to the infernal crew?

DREAMER.

Alas! dear Lord, I nothing have to ſay,
But on my bended knees for mercy pray:
Pity a wretch—the worſt of ſinners I!
A crimſon rebel of the deepeſt dye!

With

With ſhame I own, what Conſcience does aſſert,—
But let theſe tears, dear Lord, thy wrath avert!
If thou ſhould'ſt caſt me off, 'tis juſt and meet,
But if I'm loſt, I'll periſh at thy feet.

TRUTH.

Riſe up, poor ſoul, my bowels now relent,
I ne'er caſt off a ſinner that repents:
Haſte on thy road unto mount Calvary,
There view my Son, what he has done for thee:
I faintly roſe, but ſcarcely could I ſtand,
Till the good Pilgrim took me by the hand,
And led me on, being preſs'd down ſo ſore
With ſuch a weight, as I ne'er felt before.
Alas! good friend, ſaid he, what ſhall I do,
(We move ſo ſlow) leſt juſtice me purſue?
For now I ſee, what I before ne'er ſaw,
That God's ſad curſe attends a broken law.

PILGRIM.

That is a glorious ſight! but, friend, believe
That ſight by nature you ne'er could receive;
It is an eye, ſet as a watch within,
But cloſed by the magic art of ſin.
No voice on earth that ever could uncloſe,
Or to thy ſight a broken law expoſe:
None but that voice which at the day of doom,
Shall rouſe the dead, and ſay, to judgment come!
That mighty voice, when all all a chaos lay,
Call'd light from darkneſs, and the earth from ſea;
By whoſe Almighty pow'r all things exiſt,
Nor can the gates of hell its ſound reſiſt.
Thrice happy ſoul! that heard that glorious voice,
At which the heav'nly manſions now rejoice!
And all the bleſſed ſaints upon the earth,
Wait to congratulate your ſecond birth.

CONVICT.

CONVICT.

But O! my friend, I'm fill'd with doubts and fear,
My former ſins like mountains now appear
So great, I fear I cannot be forgiv'n,
Which almoſt drowns my hope of gaining Heav'n.

PILGRIM.

That's a temptation from the enemy,
Deſign'd to keep you back from Calvary;
For while your ſoul in unbelief remains,
He holds you faſt in his infernal chains.
But God who freed our anceſtors of old,
From Pharaoh's yoke, by wonders manifold,
And brought them forth by his Almighty hand,
Nor could the force of Egypt countermand.
That he his wonders further might diſplay,
Sent Moſes with them down to the Red Sea;
Then harden'd Pharaoh's heart them to purſue,
With all the hoſt of the Egyptian crew.
When Iſrael ſaw the mighty hoſt appear,
Their faithleſs hearts were fill'd with ſlaviſh fear;
Though they had ſeen the wonders juſt before,
The Lord had wrought by his Almighty pow'r;
They look'd before them, ſaw the rapid ſea,
Behind them ſaw a num'rous enemy;
On each ſide rocks, whoſe tops aſcended high;
They thought there was no way for them to fly.
Then with their leader, Moſes, they did chide—
Was there no graves in Egypt? they reply'd,
That thou ſhould'ſt lead us forth in this diſtreſs,
To fall and periſh in the wilderneſs;
Then Moſes, at Jehovah's great command,
Over the ſea he ſtretched forth his hand;
And with his rod, the ocean did divide,
Which rais'd a liquid wall on either ſide;
Then led the Iſraelites into the ſea,— There

There on dry land they march'd both night and day.
Proud Pharaoh and his hoſt them did purſue,
But now, behold, God's judgments did enſue;
The rapid ocean which the Lord had ſtaid,
And for his people a free paſſage made,
Was then let looſe, to re-aſſume its courſe;
On Pharaoh burſt with a redoubled force!
In vain they ſtrove its fury to eſcape;
In vain they ſtrove th' Egyptian ſhore to make:
Their chariot wheels flew from their axle trees,
And they all ſunk in the tremendous ſeas;
While Moſes and his brethren marched o'er,
And landed ſafe on the Arabian ſhore;
There ſtood, and view'd their num'rous enemies
All dead, and floating on the boiſt'rous ſeas.
The caſe is parallel, friend, with you and I,—
Egypt our nat'ral ſtate doth typify,
Where Satan, like proud Pharoah, there did reign,
And held us faſt in his infernal chain.
Our bus'neſs was to drudge through mud and mire,
Of ev'ry ſinful luſt, and baſe deſire:
With eagerneſs our labour did purſue,
And ſtrove our fellow ſinners to out do.
But glory be unto the great I AM,
Whoſe love appeared as a burning flame!
Sent forth our ſpiritual Moſes from the ſkies,
To lead us to the bleeding ſacrifice.
And now, behold, I ſee the rapid flood—
The crimſon ocean of our Saviour's blood!
Let us approach unto its awful ſhore,
The rod of faith will waft our paſſage o'er.
Let Satan, and your mountain ſins purſue,
With all the hoſt of the infernal crew;
Believe, and lean upon your conquering God,
They'll ſink like Pharaoh in the brimſtone flood.

CONVICT.

But hark! dear friend, methinks a voice I hear,—
" Come unto me, all ye that weary are,
And with your ſin-ſick burden ſore oppreſs'd;
Come unto me, and I will give you reſt!"

PILGRIM.

That glorious voice deſcends from Sion's hill,
Where Jeſus waiteth to be gracious ſtill,
To ev'ry ſin-ſick ſoul that fainting come,
And truſts for mercy in his Son alone.
See, yonder! view him ſtretch'd upon the tree!
We were co-partners in his tragedy:
And to his death, as fully we comply'd,
As thoſe who drove the nails, and pierc'd his ſide.
As I obſerv'd before; when Adam fell,
He uſher'd in the curſe of death and hell;
Which curſe, for ever, muſt on us abide,
Till law and juſtice are both ſatisfy'd.
Infinite was the law that Adam broke,
Which infinite juſtice did provoke,
Muſt have been infinitely ſatisfy'd,
Or ſinful man eternally had dy'd.
No finite creature could this curſe remove,
Which mov'd Jehovah's tender heart with love,
To ſend his Son, his juſtice to ſuffice,
And die for ſin, a ſinleſs ſacrifice.
That direful wrath, that did this curſe attend,
From us deſerving wretches did ſuſpend;
And to his dying Son he reach'd the cup,
Which meekly he receiv'd, and drank it up:
" 'Tis finiſh'd now, " (his dying lips reply'd;)
Wrath is appeas'd, and juſtice ſatisfy'd;
The pardon's bought—the Lord hath paid the price,—
Sinners, come travel home to Paradiſe!
Ho! ev'ry ſin-ſick ſoul that ſeeks the road,

Come

Come to my croſs, diſcharge your pond'rous load,
Repentance is the knife that cuts the tack,
And faith will help the burden from your back.

CONVICT.

Lord, I would fain purſue the heav'nly road,
Were I deliver'd from this heavy load;
'Tis thou alone can'ſt yield my ſoul relief:
Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief!

TRUTH.

What reaſon haſt thou found to doubt my love?
This tragedy may all thy doubts remove:
Behold my hands, my feet, and bleeding ſide,—
For ſinners like thee, I have bled and dy'd.

CONVERT.

Lord, I believe that thou haſt dy'd for me
Now, to thy Name eternal glory be!
Aid and aſſiſt me on the heav'nly road,
Till I arrive ſafe at thy bleſs'd abode.

TRUTH.

My bleſs'd aſſiſtance, child, thou need'ſt not fear,
My ſpirit ſafely ſhall conduct thee there;
But when thou'rt tempted by the enemy,
Do not conſent, but always look to me.
By grace receive a ſenſe of ſin forgiv'n,
Thou new-born child of God, and heir of Heav'n:
My balmy blood I to thy heart apply,
And all thy faculties now rectify:
Stripping thee of thy own ſelf-righteouſneſs,
I clothe thee in my own rich glorious dreſs.
Keep on thy road; paſs through my kingdoms three,
Of juſtice, Mercy, and Humility,
And leſt from me thou ſhould'ſt again backſlide,

I give thee faith and hope to be thy guide,
Take this advice, I for direction give,
Obey my voice, and thou shalt surely live.

CONVERT to PILGRIM.

Bless'd be the day that I thy counsel took.
And the vain practices of Rome forsook;
I thank you, brother, for your good advice,—
Come, let us travel home to Paradise.

PILGRIM.

That's my desire, and glad I am at heart
We met together, never more to part:
Along the road we will our voices raise,
In highest notes of never-ending praise.

PART III.

CONVERT.

NOW, to the vain deluding world adieu!
No longer thy vain pleaſures I'll purſue,
I'll travel in the paths of holineſs,
That lead unto eternal life and peace.

PILGRIM.

Now, brother Convert, we both plainly find,
We've choſe the right, and left the wrong behind;
For now we're on the King's high way to Heav'n,
In full aſſurance of our ſins forgiv'n.
But we muſt mind to keep a ſteady courſe,
Leſt we ſhould miſs the road, and ſuffer loſs:
There's robbers ſtill about the King's high way,—
Then it behoves us both to watch and pray.

CONVERT.

Then, brother, ſince we'er fairly on the road,
None to diſturb us, or to incommode,
Let us to converſation both apply,
It will us on our journey edify.

PILGRIM.

With all my heart, and let our ſubject be
On Juſtice, Mercy, and Humility;
Theſe three extenſive kingdoms we muſt paſs,
Which lead unto eternal happineſs.
How brother now haſt thou to Jeſus fled
For refuge, from that wrath hung o'er thy head?
Haſt ventur'd into him, the hiding place,
Prepar'd for ſinners, by the Fathers grace?

Then know, thou art exceeding ſafe in him,
From fiery wrath, the juſt deſert of ſin,
There's not a drop of that amazing ſtorm,
Shall ever light on thee to do thee harm,
No: Jeſus, he has born it once for thee,
And born it off; that thou in him art free;
As th' Ark ſecured Noah from the flood,
So Chriſt hid thee, when in thy place he ſtood.
And being entered into him by faith,
There, thou art ſafe, out of the reach of wrath:
Thou'rt paſs'd from death to life, ev'n full ſalvation;
And never ſhall come into condemnation.
Thou needſt not fear the dreadful wrath to come,
Which ſhall on Sinners fall at the day of doom.
'Twill only light on thoſe who are without,
But thoſe in Chriſt, for ſafety then ſhall ſhout.
Thy Jeſus, he, hath ſaved thee from Sin;
And in that day, thou ſhalt be found in him:
In him as pardon'd, and as juſtify'd,
And therefore ſhalt with him be glorify'd.
And being ſaved from the guilt of Sin;
Sin's power ſhall be deſtroy'd, it ſhall not reign.
Yea, Chriſt its very being will deſtroy,
From out of thee, unto thy endleſs joy.
And as for Satan; tho' with furious rage,
He often doth againſt thy Soul engage;
Thy Chriſt will ſave thee from his wiles and power,
And never let this Lion thee devour.
He'el teach thy hands to war, and uſe the ſhield;
And bring thee up victorious from the Field.
He in the fight will ſafely thee defend,
And make his rage to thy advantage tend;
As for the World, that ſhall not thee deſtroy,
Thy Lord has overcome it, to thy joy.
Tho' with its ſnares, entangled thou may'ſt be,

Thy Lord, ere long, will fully ſet thee free.
None of thine enemies, with all their bands,
Shall ever pluck thee out of Jeſus's hands.
His power's Almighty, and his love his great,
And nothing from it ſhall thee ſeparate.
See then, dear Soul, Oh ſee how ſafe thou art!
Safe in thy Saviour's love, his power his heart!
Chriſt lives for thee; and therefore thou ſhalt live:
And unto thee, eternal life he'll give.

And now, dear Soul, what duty doſt thou owe,
Unto thy glorious Lord, that lov'd thee ſo?
Surely thy life, thy whole life here ſhould be,
A life of Faith, and love continually.

Oh, think it not enough, thou'ſt once believed:
But ſtill walk on in Chriſt, thou haſt receiv'd.
Waſh in his Blood, put on his robe, draw nigh
By him, to God the father, conſtantly.
Remember, God accepts thee in his Son,
Thy perſon, and thy works on him alone.
To pleaſe the father then, to honour Chriſt,
Walk on in him, in whom his Soul doth reſt,
Oh live upon the fulneſs of thy head,
In all that he, to thee, of God his made;
His fulneſs, to preſent thee, always eye;
His fulneſs to ſupply thee, conſtantly.
For lo, in him, all fulneſs ever dwells,
A fulneſs, that his needy Children fills.
A fulneſs, that can ne'er exhauſted be;
That without waſte, doth flow eternally.
Come to him then, Oh come with all thy wants,
Come to him daily, tell him thy complaints
Come, bring thy empty Pitchers to his Well,
This Well of life, which richly thee will fill.

'Tis

'Tis deep, 'tis full, 'tis overflowing too:
Draw water hence, and thou no want ſhalt know,
Paſs over from thyſelf, thou empty thing,
To live in Chriſt, thy never-failing ſpring;
Who wou'd be careful in the Year of Draught,
That has a well, where more is than enough?
Dwell then in Chriſt, abide in him by faith;
And ſo abundant fruit thou ſhalt bring forth.

CONVERT.

But brother now my heart's with fear oppreſt,
That I in Chriſt, have yet no intereſt;
I'm ſore afraid, I never yet believ'd,
But that I only have myſelf deceived,
My brother now whenever that's thy caſe,
Then liſten well unto thy Saviour's Grace;
For lo, he calls thee, when thou'rt moſt oppreſt,
To come to him, and ſays I'll give thee reſt.
And when thou canſt not come as a believer,
Come as a ſinner, to be a receiver:
Come as at firſt, with all thy miſery;
The Saviour now, is ſtill as full and free.
Stand not, with Satan, to diſpute it out,
Whether thou haſt believ'd on Chriſt, or not;
Nor yet to argue this with unbelief;
For lo, this courſe, will give thee no relief.
But ſay, well, if I han't believed yet,
It's time to do it, and i'ts not too late,
Now I am call'd, and now I will begin
To look to Chriſt, to ſave me from my ſin.
Now then, dear ſoul, conſider well this word;
Obey this great command of Chriſt the Lord;
Look unto Jeſus now, to him alone,
Ev'n for the whole of thy ſalvation.
And when thou'ſt look'd, ſee what he ſays to thee.
Be ſaved, ſoul, or thou ſhalt ſaved be.

This word, a royal grant is from his throne,
Even to thee, of all ſalvation.
Then take him at his word, accept his grace,
For, lo, his word ſhall certainly take place.
The Saviour, he his God, and cannot lie;
This word, once ſpoke, he will not can't deny.
Then count him faithful to his ſacred word:
Set to thy ſeal, that true is Chriſt the Lord.
Believe thou ſhalt be ſav'd, ſince he ſays ſo;
And hold it faſt, 'gainſt all that dare ſay, no:
For lo, his honour is concern'd herein;
Thou canſt not doubt it, without heinous ſin.
The faithful God, cannot himſelf deny;
Then dare not thus, to give his truth the lie.
Beſides, thy comfort and thy joy of faith,
Doth lie in crediting what Jeſus ſaith.
He ſpeaks on purpoſe that it may be ſtrong,
To ſtand againſt the huge gainſaying throng;
And if thou liſten well, and take good heed,
To that Chriſt ſays, it will be ſtrong indeed.
Thou'lt then in faith, be fit to fight it out:
Againſt all fears, which compaſs thee about.
For if thou thus obey, and honour Chriſt,
He'll honour thee, with ſight of intereſt:
And a freſh act of faith will bring to light,
Thy former acts, which hid were from thy ſight.
Well then, dear Soul, my counſel is to thee,
When e'er aſſaulted by the enemy;
Look unto Chriſt afreſh, truſt in his name,
Go forward ſtill, thou'lt not be put to ſhame,
Go on believing, till thou'rt got to Heaven:
This is the work which here to thee is given.
And while thy life, a life of faith is found;
Thy love will flow, and every Grace abound.
Then think again, what duty doſt thou owe,
What debt of love, to Chriſt that lov'd thee ſo?
Sure thy whole life, a life of love ſhould be,
To him, that ſo immenſley hath lov'd thee;

Oh think it not enough, thou once haſt lov'd,
And in ſome lower ſphere of action mov'd.
But ſtill reach forth unto the high'ſt degree;
And never reſt, till love ſhall perfect be.
Forget the things behind, preſs forward ſtill
To love the Lord, and to obey his will:
And ne'er think thy obedience is compleat,
While in this life, this low, imperfect ſtate.
But oh, paſs on, increaſing every day,
In love and labour, while thou here doſt ſtay.
Eſteeming Chriſt's commands, his Yoke to thee,
To be moſt perfect glorious liberty.
Indeed his Yoke is eaſy, Burden light:
Found ſo by all that take it on them right.
The more it binds 'em, they the more are free;
For love conſtraints the moſt delightful be.
Try then, dear ſoul, begin, begin again,
To love, and ſerve the Lord, with might and main:
The more thou'rt in his work and ſervice found,
The more thy happineſs will ſtill abound:
Yea let me ſay, the more thou'lt honour God,
And Jeſus, who hath bought thee with his Blood;
And is not this, even this, thy chief deſire,
When with his love, thy Soul is all on fire?
Then think upon his boundleſs love to thee,
Till into the ſame image chang'd thou be:
And then his precepts will be thy delight,
As in themſelves, they natively are ſweet.
Oh follow then the Lamb, where'er he goes,
Thro' life, thro' death, whatever doth oppoſe.
In dying and in ſuffering be thou free,
For him who did and ſuffer'd much for thee.
Much! aye, how much, believer, canſt thou tell,
'Twill take Eternity to count it well;
The greatneſs of his perſon, think upon,
As he was God the father's only Son.
Think likewiſe on the greatneſs of his love,

That

That brought him from his Royal Throne above;
T' obey, and die for such a wretch as thee!
Yea, so to die on the accursed tree;
And this, that thou might'st not to Hell go down,
But that with endless life he might thee crown;
Yea, this he did, to make thee one with him,
One with him here, and to the end of time:
So one, that he and thee might ne'er be twain,
But that thou, as his bride, with him might'st reign.
Yea, Soul, thy Jesus, now in his Royal state,
In love, still serves thee, as thy Advocate;
Behold then, all his love, his wond'rous deeds,
For his love, and works, all knowledge far exceeds;
Such great love-service, ne'er was heard before,
And 'twill be Heaven's wonder evermore.

Think then, what duty this love calls thee to,
Oh, canst thou pay the half of what his due?
But Soul, do all thou canst, cast in thy mite,
Thy Lord, he will accept it with delight;
Sure nothing he commands thee can seem hard,
If thou his love, or works dost ought regard.
Remember thou thy self to him dost owe,
As thy Creator, and Redeemer too.
He bought thee from thy foes, and set thee free,
That thou, henceforth, might his peculiar be;
Oh, dont deny him of his purchase right,
But give thy self, thy all, with great delight.
In Ordinances, Providences too,
Follow thy Lord, where-ever he doth go;
Do what he bids thee, with the greatest joy,
Bear what he calls thee to, without annoy.

Be diligent in all the means of grace,
For thou therein will often see his face.
He through the lattess of his Ordinances,
Doth give his People Soul reviving glances.
And when he hides himself, believe his love,
Pray for, and wait fresh visits from above.

For lo, as ſure, as Chriſt doth go away,
He'll come again, and fill thy heart with joy,
Only with care, him ſeek in every ſtreet,
In every duty, till thou him do meet.
And then thou ſhalt ſee thy beloved's face;
And be made joyful with his words of grace.
All Chriſt's commands, regard in every ſtation,
And yield th' Obedience due in each relation.
Thour't ſaved by grace; now love Morality,
That ſo free grace may glorified be.
Shew forth the praiſes of thy Saviour's name,
Watch, keep thy garments, leſt men ſee thy ſhame;
Oh let thy walk 'fore them, thy converſation
Be as becomes the Goſpel of Salvation.
Converſe with Chriſt, in providences too,
Trace all his footſteps where they are in view
And when his way's i'th' ſea, out of thy ſight,
Adore his wond'rous path's, believe them right.
Give him the glory of each providence,
That crowns this life with love, to th' view of ſenſe;
Oh, when he ſmiles, and ſhowers comforts down,
Then bleſs and praiſe him, give him all renown.
And when with awful frowns he clothes his face,
And brings you into very great diſtreſs;
Then be thou ſtill, and know that he is God,
Adore, ſubmit, and kiſs thy fathers rod.
Yea, Soul, in darkeſt ſeaſons, joyful be,
Let bittereſt potions pleaſant be to thee:
For greateſt croſſes, be thou thankful ſtill;
In all give thanks, for 'tis thy fathers will.
But if thou think this leſſon hard to learn,
And want'ſt a reaſon for it, to diſcern,
I'll offer four, to help you in this ſtrait,
Which unto me, ſubſtantial are, and great.
Firſt then, know thou, that God doth all things make
In providence for his own glory's ſake:
His glory is the end of all he doth,

Which

Which he, by all, doth glorioufly bring forth.
Now then if thou doft love him, Soul, rejoice,
In all thy father doth, fince 'tis his choice:
'Tis what he has chofen for the bright diſplay,
Of his own glory in that very way;
Haſt thou not cauſe of higheſt thanks and praiſe,
Since God by all, doth his own glory raiſe;
Wilt thou not love the Lord, and bleſs his name,
For all, whereby he doth exalt his fame?
The greatneſs of his being think upon,
His bright eſſential glory, ſearch can none!
Then i'ſt not meet, that he ſhould caſt his rays,
And make his glories known, for his own praiſe?
And while, in all his works, his glories ſhine,
To bleſs him, with all Saints, wilt thou not join?
Aye, tho' he ſtay, and ſeem to caſt thee off,
'Tis for his glory, and that is enough.
Another reaſon, why thou ſhould'ſt be glad,
And thankful for thoſe things which thou call'ſt ſad
Is this, the works of God have native excellence;
They're glorious all, of great magnificence!
Then is the Lord not worthy of all praiſe,
From thee dear Soul, for all his works and ways?
His works are perfect, and no part amiſs,
And nothing could be better than it is.
His works are like himſelf, all wond'rous great,
And well becomes the God of glory's ſtate!
They're founded on his counſel, wonderful,
And lo, they excellently wrought are all!
If works of men are excellent and great,
According to their Author's worth and ſtate:
Oh what muſt thoſe works be, where th' art of God
For his own glory is diſplay'd abroad;
The works of God, in glory are ſo bright,
That in them, he himſelf doth take delight.
Wilt thou not then joy, with him thankful be,
For all his works, however croſs to thee?

And yet again, I've ſomething more to add,
As cauſe of joy and praiſe when thou art ſad:
Know then, that God works all things for thy good,
I'th virtue of thy dear redeemer's blood.
Aye thou wilt ſay, if this I could but ſee,
I ſhou'd rejoice, and always thankful be;
But I, alas, think nothing's on my ſide,
How can it be for good, that I'm thus try'd?
Be joyful, thankful then, whate'er befall;
What canſt thou wiſh for more than to have all?
Things preſent things to come, they all are thine
And lo for thy advantage they combine.
Soul, God hath ſaid it, he'll fulfil his word,
For th' way and manner leave it with the Lord.
If thou wou'dſt ſee this truth, open faith's eye,
For ſenſe, when clouds are dark, cant this eſpy;
Let faith but in the light of promiſ'd grace,
See all for good, then ſtraightway love take place.
The bittereſt cup, thou'lt take into thy hand,
And freely drink it off at God's command:
Yea, then thou'lt with a joyful glorying voice,
Give thanks to God, and make his will thy choice.
Thou'lt like his way of working, beſt of all,
Before his wiſdom down thy own ſhall fall,
Oh ſoul, thy God, doth work by things contrary,
Fulfils his word by things, which ſeem to vary;
He brings the greateſt good from ſeeming ill,
This was, and is his way of working ſtill.
Perhaps in ſome reſpects thou'lt ſee it here,
If not, hereafter 'twill be fully clear:
Then thou ſhalt ſee how good it was for thee,
To have thy graces tried as they be.
How good it was to make thy graces ſtrong,
How good it was to fit thee for thy crown,
The curſe is gone, all things are bleſſings made,
All work together, to make thee like thy head;
All things to thee the God of peace doth ſend,

And all to thee in glorious peace will end;
Then enter into peace, anticipate
The peaceful glorys of a future ſtate.
Dear ſoul, riſe up, from deeps of ſore diſtreſs,
Exult in joy, abound in thankfulneſs;
Love and bleſs God, for th' darkeſt diſpenſation,
For lo, ev'n this, ſhall turn to thy ſalvation.
Once more I'll give to thee another reaſon,
Why thou ſhould'ſt bleſs thy God i'th' darkeſt ſeaſon;
'Tis this; hereby thou'lt glorify him more,
Than thou canſt do, when this ſad time is o'er.
Know then dear ſoul, if thou God's glory love,
If this, ev'n this alone, thy ſoul doth move;
Then riſe in haſte, from all baſe ſelfiſhneſs,
To love thy God, and him at all times bleſs.
What is it? ſurely 'tis a thing but ſmall,
To love and bleſs thy God, when all goes well.
I do not ſay, that in it itſelf, 'tis ſo;
But if compared with what I'd bring thee to,
To bleſs the Lord, when ſmiles are on his face,
And he ſurrounds us with diſplays of grace;
This is a thing that we can eaſier do,
Than when we think all things againſt us go.
For when the Lord with frowns arrays his face,
We think we want a cauſe of thankfullneſs:
When thus it is, if we can but ſubmit,
We're apt to think it's all that then is meet.
But oh, dear ſoul, if thou thy God doſt bleſs,
When he doth bring thee into great diſtreſs,
Then glorify him while abundantly,
And ſet his native excellency high.
This will proclaim him to be what he is,
In himſelf, and works, the ſum of all goodneſs,
And that he's worthy of all love and praiſe,
At all times, for himſelf, and all his ways;
Then if thou lov'ſt the Lord, riſe up in haſte,
Thy heavy, ſelfiſh frames, far from thee caſt,

And love, and bleſs him with the greatſt delight,
Ev'n when againſt thee he ſeems moſt to fight.
Oh run into his arms, when moſt extended
To chaſten thee, becauſe thou haſt offended;
And claſping faſt about him, do thou ſay,
Lord, here I am, I will not run away:
Do with me juſt according to thy will,
Whate'er thou doſt, I'll love and bleſs thee ſtill.
I know thou canſt not do me any wrong;
No, tho' to Hell thou waſt to caſt me down:
But, Lord, ſince this ſhall never be my caſe,
I'll ever bleſs, and magnify thy grace.
I'll love and bleſs thee, when thou ſmit'ſt me moſt,
My pain, ſhall in the love of thee, be loſt.
I'll love thy ſtrokes, becauſe, dear Lord, they're thine
They're for thy glory; and I'll with it join,
In thee I'll loſe all my-ſelf intereſt;
Thine ſhall be mine, in this I'll joy and reſt.
If thus thou doſt, dear ſoul, 'twill plainly prove,
That thou thy God, e'en for himſelf, doſt love:
Yea, let me ſay, this glory to him given,
Will be a kind thou canſt not give in Heaven.
'Tis true, the glory thou ſhalt give him there,
In i'ts perfect bulk, it will be greater far;
But to love and bleſs a ſmiting God this is
A glory, which thou canſt not give in bliſs.
Indeed, when thou in Heaven ſhall clearly ſee,
That all his ſtrokes meer kindneſs was to thee;
Thou then wilt love and bleſs the Lord for all,
More than for any thou here art capable;
But lo, the pain and ſmart will then be gone,
And nothing but a ſenſe of love comes on;
No frowns, no ſtrokes, no croſſes there will be,
But bright diſplays of love to eternity.
Now then ariſe, while pain and ſmart abide,
While darkneſs laſt, and God his love doth hide:
And love and bleſs him, for 'twill praiſe him more,

In

In ſome ſort, than thou canſt when theſe are o'er.
Oh, count each trying time, a precious ſeaſon,
To praiſe thy God, for which thou haſt ſuch reaſon;
Improve it well, let this be all thy care,
Since trials well improv'd, thus fruitful are.

To what I've ſaid, I'll add another word,
Hereby thou wilt not only praiſe the Lord;
But this will be to thy advantage great,
Both here, and alſo in a future ſtate.

Soul, if thou bleſs thy God in every thing,
The ſharpeſt trials ſoon will loſe their ſting:
Sweet peace in trouble ſhall to thee be given,
T' be one in will with God's, a little heaven:
If thou the Lord doſt love, and all times bleſs,
Thou'lt likewiſe find a rich increaſe of grace.
And as thy tried graces will abound,
They all to praiſe and honour ſhall be found;
In that bright day, when Jeſus ſhall appear,
To own the ſervice thou haſt done him here:
And as thou'ſt ſerv'd him in this preſent ſtate,
He'll then give thee a crown of glory great.

Now I'll return, and 'gain to thee will ſay,
Soul, joyful, thankful be in th' darkeſt day:
Go on to walk with God in providence,
By faith and love, when all looks dark to ſenſe.

But now, perhaps to me thou thus wilt ſpeak,
You talk of duty, but alas I'm weak;
I'm ſo enfeebled, and with weights born down,
That I cant ſtir, nor gain an Inch of ground.
I know, dear ſoul, that thus 'twill be at times,
But even then, ſtrive duty's hill to climb:
God often gives us ſtrength ere we're aware,
When in his ſervice we engaged are.
And when all's done, if thou canſt in no wiſe,
Lift up thyſelf and unto duty riſe;
Then know, thy father's bowels yern on thee,
And he'll thee raiſe, in boundleſs mercy, free.

It is his work, to raiſe the bowed down,
To bind their ſorrows, and heal every wound:
Then wait for him, and he'll renew thy ſtrength,
To run again, in duty's way at length.
Upon the whole, oh let thy life be found,
A life of faith and love, till thou art crown'd:
Thus walk with God, in every diſpenſation,
Thy courſe will end, in glorious full ſalvation.
Now I commit thee to the grace of Chriſt,
Oh may his ſpirit always on thee reſt;
That thou in all good works, may'ſt fruitful be;
Till thou ſhalt reſt in bleſt Eternity.
And firſt, when we to Juſtice ſhall approach,
There Self-int'reſt, he will ſtrive to encroach
Upon your mind—with Maſter Policy,
Who will firſt attack your propenſity.
But if you find the traitor would comply,
Then you muſt fight, and force your paſſage by;
Our ſov'reign grace will ſurely gain the cauſe,
O'er the diſturber of the ſacred laws,—
But hark, my brother, yonder is a call,
A challenge from the Sentry on the wall.

PILGRIM.

Sir, we'er Pilgrims, who are from Egypt come;
We've got our paſſports here to travel home.

SENTRY.

Oh! Serjeant, here's two Pilgrims at the gate:—

SERJEANT.

What is the reaſon, Sirs, you come ſo late?
Here! ſoldier, arm yourſelf, and take a tour,
With theſe two ſtrangers, to the Governor.

PILGRIM.

PILGRIM TO CONVERT.

What is the reaſon, brother, you're ſo pale?
Are you afraid Self-int'reſt will prevail?
Your ſov'reign grace will conquer death and hell,
Be you but faithful, and ne'er more rebel.

CONVERT.

Lord, fill my ſoul now with an holy fear,
That I may not revolt when I come there!
Thy promiſe is, "I thee will ne'er forſake;"
I in this promiſe now freſh courage take.

GOVERNOR.

Ho! ſoldier, who are theſe youv'e brought to me?
Are they enliſted men? or are they free?
If they're recruits, now take them both away,
And let them enter into preſent pay.

PILGRIM.

Sir, we're Pilgrims, who are from Egypt come;
We have our paſſports here to travel home:
Us in this road, our Maſter did direct,
Whom you are bound in juſtice to protect.

GOVERNOR.

If you're Pilgrims, who are from Egypt come,
You've loſt your road, your bus'neſs was to Rome:
What curioſity did you entice,
To come this deſart road to Paradiſe?
None come this road but vagabonds and ſlaves,
And aged perſons, crawling to their graves;
The lame and blind, the rubbiſh of the nation,
Who are not uſeful in their generation,
When they have ſpent their years unto fourſcore,
In wicked crimes, and they can ſin no more,

Then will they chooſe their menial road to Heav'n
And whine, and cry, to have their ſins forgiv'n,
He added—Sirs, when we to Heav'n approach,
We always ride there in our gilded coach;
And when arriv'd, we meet a grand reception,
Where few poor beggars e'er gain admiſſion.
But come my lads, if you'll be ſatisfy'd,
To liſt into the army of King Pride;
That mighty prince reigns in thoſe kingdoms three,
That you muſt paſs through, to eternity.
The common ſoldiers are all trading men,
Whoſe daily pay conſiſts in what they gain;
And he moſt gains, who is the moſt expert
In unjuſt deeds, defraud, or ſelfiſh art.
If in your function you're a faithful brother,
You'll riſe up from one poſt to another;
Advance at length, unto my high degree.
What ſay you now to this—Propenſity?

PROPENSITY.

Alas! good Sir, I nothing have to ſay,
For I am growing weaker ev'ry day;
I am ſo pinch'd, and buffetted of late,
Since Conſcience and my maſter's grown ſo great.

PILGRIM.

Impatiently we've heard your long oration,
To which we ne'er can give our approbation:
We all your flattering promiſes deſpiſe,
And count them dung, and droſs, to gain the prize.
Suppoſe we did in wordly riches roll,
(Lords of the globe!) and loſe our precious ſoul;
At death's approach, have none to yield relief;
We'd give ten thouſand worlds for a reprieve.
Where is the nobleman, in rich aray,
Who fared ſumptuoſly from day to day?
And where is Lazarus, who at his gate, Did

Did for the crums which fell expoſtulate;
Behold the former in yon helliſh throng,
Crying for water now, to cool his tongue!
See Lazarus, amidſt the heav'nly hoſts,
There drinks the living ſprings, and never thirſts!
But come, my brother Convert, we'll be gone;
My conſcience tells me we have ſtay'd too long:
For he who ſets his hand unto the plough,
With perſeverance cuts his paſſage through.

GOVERNOR.

Here, Serjeant! drum theſe villains out of town,
They have rebell'd againſt our king and crown;
Away with ſuch vile rubbiſh from the earth,
They are diſturbers of our joy and mirth.

PILGRIM.

Now, brother Convert, we may plainly ſee,
What does attend pure chriſtianity;
Nothing but perſecutions from the world,
Till out of it we both are ſafely hurl'd.
But come, my brother, ſince the battle's o'er,
And for a ſeaſon we ſhall have no more,
Let us examine, on this ſilent plain,
What loſs you in the combat did ſuſtain.

CONVERT.

When firſt, my brother, I had heard the call,
The challenge from the ſentry on the wall,
My courage fell, and up ſtarts Maſter Fear,
Who with a gloomy aſpect did appear.
But when the ſoldier led us on the way,
I to the Lord did for freſh courage pray,
Who anſwer'd me, and granted my requeſt,—
For ſtraight, I found a calm within my breaſt.
When we were haul'd before the Governor,

I watch'd my heart, and found no evil ſtir.
So that I thought my enemies were ſlain,
That they in battle could ne'er riſe again.
But when the Serjeant and the mob were come,
And ty'd and plac'd us both before the drum,
Revenge aroſe; and, join'd with Maſter Shame,
And inwardly a war they did proclaim.
When Courage join'd, the battle was ſo ſtrong,
That my poor ſoul did not know where to run;
'Twas ſo confuſed in the bloody fray,
No pow'r it had either to watch or pray.
Nor can my ſoul return unto its reſt,
The tumult is ſo great within my breaſt;
Which fills my heart with fear, that I ſhall fall,
One day or other, by the hand of Saul,

PILGRIM.

Courage, my brother ſoldier, never fear,
For if you're hurt, we've a phyſician near,
Who Gilead's balm, ſhall to your ſoul apply,
And heal your wounds, and eaſe your melody.
Ever ſince our firſt parents dire offence,
The heav'nly kingdom ſuffers violence:
Our fallen nature, ſtriving to oppoſe
Our way, and all its avenues encloſe;
But we muſt fight our paſſage through by force.
Not by arm of fleſh, that will not do;
Our carnal ſtrength will never bring us through,—
But in the ſtrength of Chriſt, who did ſubdue
The force of hell, and all its retinue.

TRUTH.

Children, on what is this you now debate?
I'm come your little faults to regulate.
Convert, your weakneſs does not me ſurpriſe,
But th' day of ſmall things I do not deſpiſe;
The leaſt of all your enemies within, You

You can't o'ercome, when war they do begin.
Therefore, diſclaim your own ability,
And when they riſe, be ſure to look to me,
Let peace return: and that fierce ſtorm within
I now rebuke;—be calm, and all ſerene.
Let faith increaſe, and the pure flame of love,
Glow in your heart, and all your fears remove.
Believe the bleſt promiſe that now I make,
" I will thee never leave, no nor forſake."
I'll be your Captain in extremity,
If you'll take up your croſs, and follow me.

CONVERT.

What glorious conſolation's this I feel!
Which heart cannot conceive, nor tongue reveal!
A ſoft ſtill voice, deſcending from above,
Rebukes the ſtorm, and fills my ſoul with love!
O, might my ſoul on eagles wings aſpire,
To ſoar, and meet the object I deſire!
O, that my love would never more depart,
But fix his dwelling in my worthleſs heart!
Come on, my brother, let us mend our pace,—
O, how I long to end that heav'nly race!
And ſwim through Jordan, to that bleſſed ſhore,
Where I ſhall dwell with Chriſt for evermore!

PILGRIM.

Our Lord is good, and never works us ill,
But we are evil, and obſtruct his will;
Which is to cleanſe from all unright'ouſneſs,
And keep, and bring us to that holy place.
But now, my brother, that the ſtorm is ceas'd,
And your poor frighted ſoul's return'd to reſt,
Keep cloſe to his commands; thence never move,
And you'll continue in your Maſter's love.
Take up your croſs, and let us move along,
After the Captain of our ſalvation; Who

Who never did his followers deceive,
But bore his croſs himſelf, unto the grave;
Paving a road, for all who wiſh to be
His followers, to a bleſt eternity;—
Whoſe yoke is eaſy, and his burden light,
To all his children, who in him delight:
That patiently his diſpenſations bear;
In all their trials Chriſt ever bears a ſhame,

CONVERT.

I will, through grace and ſtrength aſiſting me,
Follow my Lord unto eternity
But, brother, I'm ſurpriz'd we do not find
Some other on this road, of human kind.

PILGRIM.

Have you not heard our bleſſed Maſter ſay,
" Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way,
That leads unto eternal life?" and mind,
(He further adds) " there's few the way can find,"
" Bur wide the gate, and likewiſe broad the way,
That doth eternal miſery diſplay;
And many on that fatal road will go,
Till they deſcend into eternal woe."
But now, my brother, I will illuſtrate,
(As far as God ſhall me illuminate,)
That you may ceaſe from wonder, and ſurprize,
And things appear to you quite otherwiſe.
[O Lord, inſpire my heart, and guide my tongue,
To magnify the wonders thou haſt done
For a poor fallen race, of human kind,
Who into being came, to ſin inclin'd!]
As nature's birth brought in both ſin and death,
Sin ſo impure—which tainted ev'ry breath!
Made us obnoxious to eternal woe,—
But mercy warded off the fatal blow.
The glorious Son of the Almighty God, Took

Took on a body of our earthly clod;
With all the ſins of the whole fallen race,
From Adam, unto time's expiring ſpace.
Arm'd with the weapons of eternal love,
In majeſty, and ſtrength divine, he drove
The prince of Pride, with all his helliſh train,
And bound them with an adamantine chain;
Reſerving them to that tremendous day,
When Heav'n, and earth, and all ſhall paſs away!
When Chriſt ſhall come in majeſty and ire,
And ſentence them unto eternal fire!
Now, when the Lord had conquer'd death and ſin,
And everlaſting right'ouſneſs brought in,
He did proclaim his pardon—life, and peace,
To all the rebels of the fallen race,
That would return, lay down their arms of ſin,
And yield obedience, to their heav'nly King;
Manſions of glory when they've fought their way,
Under his banner, unto eternal day,
But they who would not hear his gracious call—
Accept of Chriſt, (his people's all in all;)
But ſtill perſiſt to fight againſt their God,
And trample on his dear redeeming blood;
When he ſhall appear, on that tremendous day,
On his great throne, to thoſe he then will ſay,
"Depart, ye curſ'd! into eternal fire,
The maſter you have ſerv'd will pay your hire."
To them (thrice happy ſouls!) who fought their way
Under his banner, to eternal day;
"Come in, ye bleſſed ſouls and dwell with me,
And ſhare my joys to all eternity!
But, do they all obey the heav'nly call?
Ah! no, there's ſome who ne'er awake at all;
Or if they are diſturbed from their dream,
Satan takes care to lull to ſleep again.
Others, convictions make their conſcience ſmart,
But e'er the arrows reach the ſtubborn heart,
The world preſents its play things to amuſe Their

Their minds, and heav'nly mercies they refuſe:
Riches and pleaſure are their chief delight,
In which they ſport themſelves both day and night;
As if eternity was here on earth,
And they immortal, by their human birth.
Some more convinced, ſo as to plainly ſee,
Time ſoon will glide into eternity,
Yet reſt in formal duties on their way;
Their time can waſte, in idle ſports and play:
Theſe harmleſs are they ignorantly plead,
Poor creatures! would the damned thus proceed?
Had they the opportunities you have,
Would they not fly to Chriſt, their ſouls to ſave?
No other name is given under Heav'n,
Whereby we'er can have our ſins forgiv'n,
But Jeſus Chriſt; the life the truth, the way,
Through whom we travel to eternal day.
But ſuch is the depravity of nature,
Inſtead of Chriſt, they look unto the creature;
(As if the creatures could a Saviour make,)
And thus they do the narrow way miſtake.
And in groſs darkneſs, thus they wander on,
Still farther off from Gods eternal Son;
And hov'ring o'er the fatal pit of thrall,
Till death ſhall cut the thread, and down they fall.
Now this muſt ſurely be the wretched ſtate,
Of all who die, e'er they're regenerate,
And born of God, our Maſter has declar'd,
With thoſe dear gracious lips, which never err'd.

CONVERT.

Your arguments me fully ſatisfy,
Removes my former curioſity:
I ſee we cannot go to Paradiſe
One ſingle ſtep, but as we move in Chriſt.

PILGRIM.

Come now, my brother, let both prepare,
To raiſe our hearts to God, in mighty pray'r; For

For we to Mercy's city now draw nigh,
Whoſe buildings ſeem to overtop the ſky.
O God of love! whoſe mercies reach to all
The fallen race, who will for mercy call,
Aſſiſt us with thy grace, and mighty pow'r,
To bear our croſs, in ev'ry trying hour!
O Jeſus! now to thee we do reſign
Our bodies, ſouls, and ſpirits, which are thine;
Thou did'ſt redeem us from the wrath of God,—
Now take the purchaſe of thy precious blood.
O Holy Ghoſt! who in our fallen ſtate,
Did'ſt our benighted ſouls illuminate,
O ſave, and guide, and teach us to the end!
We on no other arm will e'er depend.

SENTRY.

Who's there, that knocks ſo boldly at the gate?
You cannot enter in, you've ſtaid too late.

PILGRIM.

Your anſwer ſhews you are an enemy;
Who knocks in time, finds mercy always free.

SENTRY.

Before you enter, tell from whence you came,
And whither you are bound, likewiſe your name.

PILGRIM.

We came from Egypt, and are to Canaan bound;
Our names are written in our Saviour's wounds.

SENTRY.

Perhaps you are deſerters from our king;
Did you a paſſport, Sirs, from Juſtice bring?
Secure them priſ'ners, in the guard of Core,
Till they appear before the Governor.

PILGRIM.

My brother, be not daunted in the leaſt,
We ſoon ſhall from our troubles be releas'd;
A few more trials for our conquerng God,
Will waft us ſafely o'er the Jordan flood.
And when we come to that thrice happy ſhore,
Where wicked men ſhall ne'er diſturb us more,
Our God ſhall wipe all tears from off our eyes,
And fix us in his glorious Paradiſe!
There, through eternity, we ſhall proclaim
Honour, and praiſe, to his moſt glorious name,
Who did redeem us, with his moſt precious blood,
And made us kings, and prieſts, unto our God.

SOLDIER.

Come, muſter out a file of muſketeers,
And guard theſe pris'ners; for our Serjeant ſwears,
Out of the town, one foot they ſhall not ſtir,
Till they appear before the Governor.
So to his houſe they came without delay,
And having gain'd admiſſion to him ſay;—
"An't pleaſe your Honour, theſe two pris'ners here,
That we have brought, it plainly doth appear,
They are deſerters from our royal Prince,
Therefore have brought them to your Excellence."

GOVERNOR.

You've acted right, and it is my deſign,
Now, to inſpect at large into their crime;
Mean time attend, down in the common hall,
And if occaſion is, for you I'll call.
And now, my lads, as we are all alone,
Do not the truth deny, but freely own;
Say, are you deſerters, or are you not?
On your ſound confeſſion depends your lot.

PILGRIMS.

PILGRIMS.

We were deſerters from the Prince of Peace;
Not only we, but all the fallen race:
We ſerv'd the prince of darkneſs—to our ſhame,—
But now we his authority diſclaim.

GOVERNOR.

Hold, hold! my lads, your boaſting is too great!
But you are young, it may not be too late;
If you'll return to his authority,
We'll pardon your revolt, and ſet you free:—
Free from that heavy croſs which you muſt bear;
Free from the fervency of faith and pray'r;
Free from the melancholy hours you ſpend:
From all this toil, our prince will you ſuſpend.
He'll give you freedom to enjoy the creature,
And follow ſtill the dictates of your nature;
To rob, and ſteal, curſe, ſwear, and play the whore,
And murder all, you think would raiſe your ſtore,
In ſhort, whate'er your carnal hearts deviſe;
For ſport, or int'reſt, you may heap up lies:
And thus go on, till you grow old and thin,—
Repentance ſettles all things right again.

PILGRIMS.

Full well we know your prince's curſt device,
To keep poor ſinners back from Paradiſe;
But glory be unto the Lord moſt High,
Who did redeem us from his tyranny!
Your prince, and you, we equally deſpiſe,
And all the wicked ſchemes he doth deviſe;
We in our Maſter's ſtrength will travel on,
Until we reach the new Jeruſalem,
There, with the heav'nly hoſt, our voices raiſe,
In higheſt notes, to ſing Jehovahs praiſe!
Whilſt you, your prince, and all his volunteers,
Shall roar, tormented, through eternal years!

GOVERNOR.

Here, centinel! call up the muſketeers,—
" An't pleaſe your Excellence, we're ready here:"
Then take theſe villains, and whip them out of town;
Our prince's dignity they do diſown,
Which ſentence they juſt then did execute,
With all the ſavage madneſs of the brute;
Thus they reſiſted, even unto blood,
Through faith divine, in an Almighty God.

PILGRIM.

Now brother Convert, ſince the conflict's paſt,
(And hope the next we have, will be our laſt,)
Let us kneel down, and pray for God to ſend
Us grace, to help, and keep us to the end.
" Almighty God! of majeſty and pow'r,
Whoſe tender care protects us ev'ry hour;
Therefore, we on thy grace alone depend,
Which all our worthineſs muſt e'er tranſcend.
Kindle aflame of love within each heart,
And bid our evil paſſions all depart —
Burn, and conſume, the dregs of inbred ſin,
And come, O Chriſt, thyſelf, and dwell therein!

CONVERT.

Dear brother, now I ſee that love divne,
All other gifts and graces doth outſhine;
The latter helps our chearful feet to move,
And plead with God, whoſe property is love.

PILGRIM.

O yes, my brother, faith will end in ſight,
(And hope) when we to Heav'n ſhall take our flight;
But love doth there remain continually,
And will encreaſe through all eternity.

'Tis

'Tis love that keeps our ſouls in perfect peace,
'Tis this that quickens ev'ry other grace;
Love in perfection, loudly will proclaim,
That love and Chriſt, and Heav'n, are all the ſame,
Come, let us haſten to humility,
And there be join'd with love in unity;
The royal garments for the wedding feaſt,
Where ſaints enjoy the bridegroom, ever bleſt!
And in our way, can we not drop one tear,
And offer up to God a fervent pray'r,
For our poor fellow mortals, left behind
In nature's ſtate, who are both dead and blind?
" O Lord, whoſe mercy is ſtretch'd out to all,
That yield obedience to the goſpel call!
Unſtop their ears, and bend their ſtubborn will,
That they may all its juſt demands fulfil!
And now, to thee, their caſe we do reſign;
We know all pow'r in Heav'n and earth is thine!
Thou can'ſt not err, nor truth, nor juſtice, ſhun;
Therefore, O Lord! thy bleſſed will be done."
And now, my brother, arm yourſelf with ſpeed,
Before we farther on our way proceed:
Behind yon riſing cloud, methinks I ſee
The lofty ſpires of bleſt humility.
Let us put on the armour of our God,
And with the bleſſed peaceful goſpel ſhod;
Taking the ſhield of faith, wherewith we ſhall
Be able to quench all the darts of hell,
Let us put on the Lord our righteouſneſs,
And truth, ſo ſhall we all our foes ſuppreſs;
Likewiſe ſalvation's obdurate helmet,
With all-pray'r, our victory to compleat;
Alſo the ſpirit's ſword take in our hand,
Which is the word of God; none can withſtand.
And thus equipt, let's march up to the gate,—
If entrance is refus'd, ne'er heſitate,
But in Chriſt's ſtrength, both ſet our ſhoulders to,
With heav'nly vi'lence, force our paſſage through.

CONVERT.

Now, in the ſtrength of our Almighty King,
Who fought his way through devils, death, and ſin;
Counting the world's treaſures but dung and droſs;
Bruiſing the ſerpent's head againſt his croſs:
Under his banner, let us ſtill march on,
Until we both reach compleat ſalvation;
Still trampling on the necks of all our foes,
That would us on our jorney ſtill oppoſe.

SATAN.

Stand back! and tell by whoſe authority,
You come thus arm'd into Humility?
You ſeem to be great enemies to ſin,
Therefore return, ye ſhall not enter in.

PILGRIMS.

Your bold repulſe, proud fiend, we do diſdain,
Chriſt has you bound in his Almighty chain:
Come Convert, clap your ſhoulder to the gate,
Nor ſtand with Satan, to expoſtulate.
This they no ſooner ſaid, than it was done,
And thus both boldly march'd into the town.
And now we're through, let's to the eaſtern ſide,
Where death ſtands ſentry at the Jordan tide
He is our friend, and will our ſouls ſet free,
From all afflictions of mortality!—

DEATH.

Advance no farther,—here you muſt reſign
Your bodies unto me; I claim them mine.
My warrant's ſeal'd—behold my fatal dart!
And thus I plunge it in each throbbing heart.
With that their bodies fell unto the ground,

And

And ſtraight there iſſued from the fatal wound,
A mighty torrent of their precious blood;
And they were wafted ſafe o'er Jordan's flood!
I ſtood and view'd them ſafe unto the ſhore,
Where ſtood an hoſt of the angelic choir,
Who loudly did their victory proclaim;
Which awoke me out of my pleaſant dream.

John Hydes Book
November 2

FINIS.

Hyde No. 1